
THE MINISTER'S WIFE

By Haryot Holt Dey.

Gentle, silent partner of the minister's grace and glory—the minister's wife! It's an important office, unlisted, and without emoluments.

Are you interested in the requisite qualifications? Well, then:

To be a desirable wife for the minister, you must reign as queen of the congregation.

You must be the confidante of the abused in the parish and lend a willing ear to trouble tellers.

You are the mother of the minister's proverbial family.

You must invite the well-wishers and the busy-bodies in the parish to take an unselfish interest in your personal affairs. You must have no affairs of your own.

You must be a sympathetic woman, wearing your tear wells near the surface, so that you may weep readily with the erring when called upon to do so.

You must be something of a theologian in order to lend timely aid to the minister's sermon, and you must know how to make a prayer on demand, teach the infant class and be president of the Ladies' Aid.

You must feel grateful to the church vigilance committee when it calls to inspect the broken crockery and the wall paper, previous to a donation.

You must be something of a cook in order to prepare broth and blanc mange to the afflicted; and somewhat of an authority on disease in order to prescribe liniment to the ailing.

While the world expects a good deal, you are still the silent, irresponsible partner. You are accountable for neither the virtues nor the vices of the family. You are not held to blame for the minister's greatness, but no one knows it.

The crown may be denied you in this world, but in another world—far better than this one—there is awaiting you a crown such as is awarded to the unrecognized heroes and heroines of this temporal existence. The crown has a setting of kohinoors all the way round!

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The Cynic.

The latest advice to persons who wish to live to be 100 years old is this:

"Love people and make them love you. Don't worry and for-

get about your nerves."

Well, people who practice that sort of thing may reach 100, but they'll have mighty little money when they get there.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.